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Captain BRITAIN



Should Auld Acquaintance...

If it's hard to be a hero, it's even harder to keep your mag. As you may know, or have gathered from the story title, *Captain Britain Monthly*, Number Fourteen, is the last edition of the publication in its present format.

Why is *Captain Britain* closing? Well, according to the experts, super heroes are just not saleable in this country, and let's face it, the experts should know – or they wouldn't be experts, would they? Whilst sales have held up well in the States, the experts tell us there aren't enough comic readers like you over here to sustain the title, hence the closure.

But within that dismal paragraph lies the possible way forward for the Captain. If the market for super heroes is in America, that's where the Captain must go. Negotiations are underway with Marvel in America to re-launch *Captain Britain* as a regular US Marvel monthly, with the present creative team staying in control. That's something for us to work hard at – and for you to look forward to.

In the meantime, there's this final issue to savour, with an extra two pages of our lead strip, and all other storylines reaching a satisfactory conclusion. We hope you enjoy it, and thanks for reading – it wouldn't have been the same without you. Until the next time... Should Auld Acquaintance...

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Captain BRITAIN contents



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Captain BRITAIN

DECEMBER 24TH,
11:30 A.M.

THIS IS
NOW CHRISTMAS
SHOULD BE...

Should Auld Acquaintance...

SCRIPT AND PENCILS: ALAN DAVIS
INKS: MARK FARMER
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR: IAN RIMMER





I... I'M
SORRY.

IT WAS VERY
DIFFICULT FOR ME
TO HAVE COME
HERE. I'VE HAD TO
SWALLOW MY
PRIDE...

AND A
FAIR AMOUNT
OF DUTCH
COURAGE.

I'LL - I'LL
GET TO THE
POINT.



THERE HAVE
BEEN A SERIES OF
EXCEPTIONALLY BRUTAL
AND INEXPLICABLE
MURDERS UP IN
GLASGOW.

HOW
DOES THAT
CONCERN
ME?

ALL TWENTY-SEVEN
VICTIMS WERE KNOWN
VILLAINS, SO IT'S
LOGICAL TO SUSPECT
SOME SORT OF
GANG-WAR.



I WANT YOU TO POSE
AS THE EMISSARY
OF A CRIME SYN-
DICATE MOVING
INTO THE GLASGOW
AREA. HOPEFULLY,
WHOEVER IS
BEHIND THE
MURDERS WILL
FEEL THREATENED
ENOUGH TO COME
AFTER YOU.

BUT WHY DO
YOU NEED ME? SURELY
CATCHING MURDERERS
IS "ROUTINE POLICE
WORK."



THIS IS NO
ORDINARY
MURDERER! ALL
THE VICTIMS HAVE
BEEN HORRENDOUS-
LY MUTILATED...
AND AT INCREDIBLE
SPEED!

ONE WAS ALONE
FOR LESS THAN A
MINUTE, YET HE WAS
VIRTUALLY DISMANTLED.
A BUTCHER WITH A
CHAINSAW COULDN'T
INFLECT AS MUCH
DAMAGE SO QUICKLY.



ANOTHER VICTIM WAS CARRYING
A NINE MILLIMETER UZI. HE
FIRED A BURST OF APPROXIMATE-
LY TWENTY ROUNDS AT HIS
ATTACKER. EIGHTEEN BULLETS
WERE RECOVERED - ELEVEN
WERE SLICED OR SHREDDED,
FOUR WERE FLATTENED, AND
THREE WERE FUSED INTO
A SPHERE.

NOW I'VE LOST THREE
MEN - REAL PROS WHO
WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ANY
UNNECESSARY RISKS. ALL WERE
MUTILATED BEFORE THEY COULD
RADIO FOR ASSISTANCE...



AFTER THIRTY YEARS ON
THE FORCE I THOUGHT I'D SEEN
EVERYTHING - BUT I CAN'T BEGIN
TO IMAGINE WHAT SORT OF EVIL
MONSTROSITY IS BEHIND THIS...



I'M SCARED, BRADDOCK,
AND I'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO
TURN. PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP ME...



NOT A DREAM... A NIGHTMARE.

RICK SENT ME HERE WHEN MY EARTH WAS BEING DESTROYED.

I WATCHED THE FLRY KILL HIM...



DECEMBER 25TH,
7:30 A.M.



I DON'T LIKE
SNORING SEE, SO
I'M GONNA WASTE
YA! GET UP, FIG
AN TAKE IT LIKE
A MAN!

WASSAMMATU...

BRADDOCK!
WHAT THE DEVIL
ARE YOU PLAYING
AT?

SORRY, BRIAN, THAT
WOULDN'T SCORE A GLASGOW
GOODFATHER. IT SOUNDS TOO
CORTY. CAN'T YOU TRY TO
SOUND A BIT MORE LIKE
CLINT EASTWOOD?

CLINT
WHO?

THIS ISN'T A GAME!
IT'S A DANGEROUS
BUSINESS...

HEY, MAYBE
I SHOULD DO THE
TALKING, BRIAN. PLAY
IT HARD AND BITCHY.
YOU KNOW, LIKE JOAN
COLLINS!

MEGGAN, YOU ARE
LIVING PROOF THAT
TELEVISION CAUSES
IRREPARABLE BRAIN
DAMAGE!

CAN'T
YOU TWO BE
SERIOUS??

HOW
SHOULD I WEAR
MY HAIR?

WHAT DO YOU
THINK, MR. THOMAS?
LONG AND BLONDE?

SHORT
AND DARK?

I KNOW—
BUSHY AND
AUBURN!

NOW I NEED
THE RIGHT CLOTHES,
AND YOU'LL NEED
SOMETHING MORE
MACHO, BRIAN.

HOW—HOW DID
SHE DO THAT,
BRADDOCK?

TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT
SURE. MEGGAN'S POWERS
ARE STILL DEVELOPING, BUT
AMONG HER MANY BUDDING
ABILITIES IS THE CAPACITY
TO MANIPULATE HER
FORM...

I THOUGHT YOU'D
HAVE KNOWN
ALL ABOUT THAT, AS
THE LEADER OF THE
CAMPAIGN AGAINST
SUPERHUMANS!

BRADDOCK MANOR.

ELIZABETH HAS MADE A REMARKABLE RECOVERY, GABRIEL.

YES, ALISON. THOUGH IT'S DUE MORE TO HER SPIRIT THAN JEEVES. RECENTLY HE SEEMS TO BE ENTIRELY DEVOTED TO EMMA...

RUN ALONG AND WATCH THE CHILDREN OPENING THEIR PRESENTS, EMMA. I HAVE ALL THE PREPARATIONS IN HAND.

THANK YOU, JEEVES! YOU'RE SO CONSIDERATE!

WHY DO YOU TOLERATE HER? SHE'S A WASTE OF SPACE... SHE SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME ASLEEP, ANYWAY.

YES, MICHAEL, THAT IS WHAT ALERTED ME TO HER CONDITION.

CONDITION?

I HAVE EXHAUSTED ALL OF MY RESOURCES IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND A CURE, BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO TO SAVE HER. SHE WILL DIE WITHIN THE NEXT YEAR.

STEADY ON, JEEVES! YOU'RE A COMPUTER-GENERATED SOLID LIGHT HOLOGRAM- YOU SOUND LIKE A LOVE SICK MORTAL!

PRIOR TO THE CAPTAIN'S RETURN IN NINETEEN EIGHTY-TWO, I MALFUNCTIONED FOR A PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS.

DURING THAT TIME I TOOK CONTROL OF EMMA'S MIND AND HELD HER IN THRALL. THE EXPERIENCE CAUSED A GREAT DEAL OF DAMAGE TO HER NERVOUS SYSTEM. HER CONDITION IS DETERIORATING...



GLASGOW, DECEMBER 26TH.
5.45 P.M.



...I'M REALLY NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR OPINIONS, MR. McSHANE. AS LONG AS YOU UNDERSTAND THAT MY ORGANISATION IS TAKING OVER, WE'LL GET ALONG SWIMMINGLY.

BOBBIE, SHOW THESE BAMPOTS THE DOOR.



C'MON, PRETTY BOY. OUTSIDE.



OH DEAR, YOUR LITTLE MAN SEEMS TO HAVE LOST MY FRIEND...



THAT WAS FLIN!



PLEASE REMEMBER WHAT I'VE SAID, MR. McSHANE.

OH, AND SORRY ABOUT THE MESS...



WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE STILL AMUSED AFTER PERFORMING THE SAME STUNT AT ANOTHER THIRTY-FOUR ADDRESSES!

BRADDOCK
MANOR.

THANKS BUT NO
THANKS, GABRIEL. I'D
RATHER BE SIGHTLESS
THAN HAVE YOU FIT
THOSE BALL BEARINGS
TO MY HEAD.

PHOTO-
RECEPTIVE CYBERNETIC
IMPLANTATIONS ARE
BETTER THAN BEING
BLIND, ELIZABETH.

I'M NOT BLIND. MY
PSYCHIC POWERS MORE
THAN COMPENSATE FOR
MY LACK OF SIGHT. IT'S
LIKE BEING ABLE TO...
SMELL COLOUR... TO
TASTE FORM... AND
HEAR DISTANCE.

IT MAKES
ME FEEL SORRY
FOR PEOPLE THAT
ARE RESTRICTED
TO VISION.

YES, SWITZERLAND IS
BEAUTIFUL, AND ALISON'S
CHATEAU IS STRAIGHT
OUT OF A FAIRYTALE. IT'S
THE IDEAL PLACE FOR
A HOLIDAY...

...OR A
HONEYMOON...?

ALL I WANT
NOW IS TO BE WITH
YOU, AND TO LEAVE
THE MANOR. IT
ISN'T MY HOME
ANY MORE.

I'M
LOOKING FORWARD
TO THE CHANGE
OF SCENERY...

MICHAEL, I WANTED YOU TO BE
THE FIRST TO SEE THIS SYN-
THETIC FORM I HAVE CREATED
TO ACCOMPANY EMMA ON A
LITTLE CRUISE I HAVE
PLANNED FOR HER.

YOU'RE
LEAVING?

NO, BUT I CANNOT
PROTECT HOLOGRAMS BEYOND
THE MANOR'S OLITE BOUND-
ARY, AND IT WILL ALLOW ME
TO DISPOSE OF THIS SOLID
LIGHT FACADE, WHICH I
CREATED SOLELY FOR
EMMA'S BENEFIT.

MY LADY ROMA HAS
INFORMED ME THAT THE
CAUSE OF THE WARRIES
HAS BEEN REMOVED, AND
NO MORE WILL BE
BORN...

YOU AND THE
RCX MAY REMAIN
TO ASSIST ME IN MY
TASK, BUT PLEASE
BE ADVISED...

I AM IN
CONTROL OF THIS
SITUATION.

...I AM INSTRUCTED
TO PROTECT AND PREPARE
THOSE THAT ALREADY
EXIST FOR THE CHALLENGE
OF THEIR FUTURE.

GLASGOW.
DECEMBER 30TH.
6:30 P.M.

REDONDO'S ABATTOIR

I'VE LET THE LOCAL
GRAPEVINE KNOW THAT
WE'RE STAYING OUT HERE TO
RECEIVE A CONSIGNMENT
OF HEROIN.

"YOU CAN'T
BE SERIOUS, THOMAS!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH
THE HOTEL?"

I WANT ANY
CONFRONTATION WITH
THIS SUPER ASSASSIN
OUT HERE, BRADDOCK
AWAY FROM INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS.

7:15 P.M.

WE'VE
WALKED SO FAR
THESE PAST FEW
DAYS MY FEET
ARE ACHING.

AREN'T YOU
USED TO HIGH
HEELS?

I'M NOT USED
TO WALKING. BEING
ABLE TO FLY, WE ONLY
WALK TO APPEAR
NORMAL IN PUBLIC.

10:35 P.M.

SO WHY IS A
CHIEF INSPECTOR OF
SCOTLAND YARD
OPERATING IN
GLASGOW?

THE OLD SCHOOL-TIE
DISAPPROVED OF MY ABRASIVE
ATTITUDE. I WAS PUTTING
TOO MANY NOSES OUT OF
JOINT. I WAS PROMOTED TO A
NEWLY FORMED NATIONAL
INVESTIGATION UNIT...

YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY SAY -
UPWARDS AND
OUTWARDS...

00:05 A.M.

IT SICKENS ME THAT
ORGANISATIONS LIKE THE
RCK ARE ALLOWED TO
OPERATE IN THIS COUNTRY.
THEY'RE CORRUPT. THEY
PERVERT THE LAW.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE
RCK. THEY WORMED THEIR
WAY INTO MY HOME, TOOK
IT OVER, AND DROVE ME
OUT. THEN THEY TURNED
MY SISTER AGAINST ME,
AND VERY NEARLY
KILLED HER...

THAT'S WHY
MEGGAN AND I
MOVED TO THE
LIGHTHOUSE...

1:45 A.M.

THE PRESS MADE MY CAMPAIGN
AGAINST SUPERHUMANS SOUND
UNREASONABLE. BRIAN, THEY
MADE ME SOUND LIKE A FOOL
BECAUSE I PROTESTED WHEN
MY WIFE WAS MURDERED BY
THE CARELESS STUPIDITY
OF BEAUVILLE'S "SUPER
HEROES"...

I KNOW HOW EASILY IT
CAN HAPPEN, BUT I DIDN'T
ASK FOR THE POWER, OR THE
RESPONSIBILITY...

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
US IS THAT MY MISTAKES ARE IN
PROPORTION TO MY POWERS, AND
- IF I'M LUCKY - SO ARE MY
SUCCESSES.

4:30 A.M.

LOOK, YOU'VE SMASHED
UP THE PREMISES OF
EVERY LOCAL OUTFIT -
THEY'RE BOUND TO WANT
REVENGE. IT'S ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME TILL
THE EXECUTIONER
TURNS UP.
IN FACT, THE GRAPEVINE
WAS ALREADY CONFIRMED
OUR IMPENDING DEATHS.
THEY CALL THE ASSASSIN
SHOULDERS MCGILL.

I HOPE HE'S
NOT A SIBBOS
HE SOUNDS!

THE TYRANT, MASTREX
OPUL LUN SAT-YR-NIN
IS MASSACRING HER
OWN PEOPLE...

BRIAN TOLD ME
ABOUT HER. SHE RULES
THE EARTH OF KAPTAIN
BRITON--THE DOPPELGANGER
OF BRIAN THAT BETSY
KILLED.

INDEED, A WORLD
THAT DESPERATELY NEEDS
A CAPTAIN. AND SINCE YOU
ARE A CAPTAIN WITHOUT A
WORLD, THERE IS AN OBVIOUS
SOLUTION...

WELL, I HAVEN'T
ANY OTHER PRESSING
ENGAGEMENTS... I
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE
IT A GO!

TO SHOW MY
GRATITUDE, I HAVE
A GIFT. PLEASE THINK
OF YOUR HUSBAND, OF
YOUR LAST MOMENTS
TOGETHER...

DON'T...

PLEASE.

"THE FURY WAS SLAUGHTER-
ING MY WORLD'S
HEROES..."

"HE WAS UNSTOPPABLE."

"WE WERE TERRIFIED..."

"RICK SAID THE TELE-
PORTER WAS OUR ONLY
CHANCE."



"THE FURY CAME AFTER US..."

"IT LUNGED AT RICK..."

"FOR A MOMENT THE FURY WAS CONFUSED, BUT HE
IGNORED HIS LOSS AND CONTINUED THE SLAUGHTER."



...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I REMEMBER IT
HAPPENING LIKE THAT...
BUT IT DIDN'T...

"BUT HE DISAPPEARED."



IT DID, BECAUSE I
REACHED BACK IN TIME,
TO THE INSTANT BEFORE
HIS DEATH, AND BROUGHT
HIM HERE.



DECEMBER 31ST.
11:55 P.M.

COME ON — YOU
CAN'T DOSS HERE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
MOVE ON.

A DON'T
DOSS, AN' A GO
WHERE A WANT.
ANYWAY, A HAVE
BUSINESS
HERE.

WHAT
BUSINESS?

A MESSAGE
FOR THE TART AN'
THE BIG MAN...

TELL ME —
I'LL PASS IT
ON.

IF YER WITH THEM,
THE MESSAGE IS FOR
YER AS WELL. THE
LORD BLESSED ME WI'
A CHILD, AN' ANGEL, MY
ANGEL OF DEATH. SILVER
DEATH. GLITTERING
SCYTHES OF SWEET
RELEASE...

IT IS HIS MISSION.
HE CHOSE ME AN'
GAVE ME BROAD
SHOULDERS T' CARRY
THE BURDEN...

AN' CARRY IT WI' PRIDE.
SHOULDERS M'GILL IS PROUD
T' DO THE LORD'S WORK!

TIME SLOWS FOR DAI THOMAS.
HE HAS GROWN CARELESS
IN THE PROTECTION OF THE
CAPTAIN. HE HAD FELT
SECURE...

BUT NOW HE IS ALONE.

GULH!

DAI, DAI!
PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER AND GET
OUTSIDE! TAKE HIM
WITH YOU...





BEATEN!

HE TOLD ME IT WAS THE MCCLLOUD BROTHERS THAT SENT HIM... CONVINCED HIM HE WAS ON A SACRED PURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD, AND PAID HIM A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY FOR EACH RIVAL HE ELIMINATED.

HE'S COMPLETELY INSANE. HE CLAIMS THAT CREATURE WAS HIS SON...



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A WARPIE.

LISTEN, BRIAN, WHATEVER IT WAS, YOU SAVED MY BACON IN THERE. I THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.

I HAD A FEW ROUGH MOMENTS MYSELF!



BUT YOU BEAT IT WHILE I TURNED TO GIBBERING JELLY...

I OWE YOU A LOT, BRIAN. I MISJUDGED YOU. I... I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT MAKING SPEECHES...



WELL DON'T. I WAS GLAD I COULD HELP. IT GIVES MY POWER PURPOSE...

THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF I CALL ON YOU AGAIN, NEXT TIME I'M IN TROUBLE?

NOT AT ALL! WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE.

TAKE CARE, DAI.

BYE.



SO LONG, AND THANKS. IT'S BEEN... FUN...!



For More CAPTAIN BRITAIN News See Page 35...

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Art: John Stokes

ENGAGED UPON AN UNKNOWN QUEST IN CORNWALL, THE BLACK KNIGHT...MERLIN'S CHAMPION...HAD SOUGHT SHELTER FOR HIS WOUNDED STEED, VALINOR, IN A CAVE BY THE SEA. BUT THE CAVE WAS OCCUPIED...AND THE OCCUPANT FAR FROM PLEASED...



WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? HIS STAFF
PARRIED MY BLOW...
YET NOTHING CAN
WITHSTAND THE
EBON BLADE...
UNLESS...

THE TWO MEN FOUND THEMSELVES
LOCKED INTO A POWER STRUGGLE
BALANCED BY TOTALLY EQUAL
FORCES...



IT IS AS I
THOUGHT!
OUR STRUGGLE
IS FUTILE!

SEE! ON STAFF AND SWORD, MERLIN'S
MYSTIC RUINES...
WE ARE BROTHERS
IN SPIRIT!

MERLIN...
MERLIN?

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT AILS
YOU?

A VISION... LIKE
A DREAM HUNTING
MY MIND... BUT IT'S
NOT IMPORTANT...
TELL ME OF MERLIN!

WHAT CAN BE
SAID OF MERLIN?
HE GAVE ME LIFE...
AND I SUSPECT HE
GAVE YOU PURPOSE
ONCE.

MERLIN SENT ME
ON A QUEST... IN
SEARCH OF A
HERO!

A HERO WHOSE PHYSICAL POWER
AND LIGHTNING SPEED HAD
BECOME LEGEND THROUGHOUT
THE LAND...

I WOULD KNOW
HIM BY HIS APPAREL...
BY THE STAFF HE
CARRIED AND THE
AMULET AROUND
HIS NECK...

A MAN WHO HAD SWORN ETERNAL
ALLEGIANCE TO MERLIN AND HIS
CAUSE... WHEREVER THE POWERS
OF DARKNESS PERSISTED, THERE
WOULD ALSO BE...

CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

AND WHAT HAVE
I FOUND? WHO ARE
YOU? WHERE DID YOU
COME BY THE AMULET
AND THE STAFF...
WHICH WERE ONLY
MERLIN'S TO GIVE?

I DON'T
KNOW...

MY MIND IS
A BLANK... I
SEEM TO HAVE
BEEN HERE
FOREVER!

THE DETAILS OF
MY LIFE ARE
VAGUE,
FORMLESS...

... LIKE A MIST COME
IN FROM THE SEA ...





GATHER
TO ME
DARK
POWERS...



IN THE NAME OF
THE **NETHERGODS**
HARNESS THY STRENGTH
TO MINE... RAISE THE
ANCIENT ONE FROM
THE SLEEP OF AGES!



BOOM!



... TO DO MODRED'S WILL!

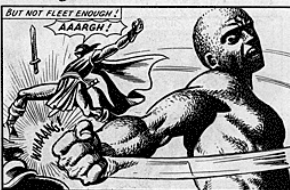


GO! FIND THE
BLACK KNIGHT...
CRUSH HIM!

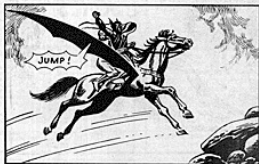
A **TERIFYING** FIGURE EMERGED
FROM BENEATH THE EARTH... IMPRISONED
BY **PREHISTORIC WIZARDS** AT THE
DAWN OF TIME, IT WAS NOW FREE...



LISTEN... CAN YOU
HEAR? THE GULLS ARE
SILENT... THE SEA IS
STILL... THERE'S SOMETHING
OUT THERE... SOMETHING
INCREDIBLY EVIL...







The Beginning!



The Mysterious NIGHT-RAVEN

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Art: David Lloyd

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY... SCOOP DALY, ACE CRIME REPORTER FOR THE SENTINEL NEWSPAPER, HAS BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF INVESTIGATING NIGHT-RAVEN... IN A SMALL, SEEDY HOTEL, SCOOP WALKS INTO A ROBBERY, AND TO HIS AMAZEMENT, NIGHT-RAVEN HIMSELF APPEARS FROM NOWHERE!



THE GUNMAN TURNED... BUT NIGHT-RAVEN LEAPT FORWARD LIKE A CAT... AND...

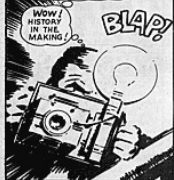


WHAT A GREAT OPPORTUNITY! A CHANCE FOR A PICTURE OF NIGHT-RAVEN IN ACTION! THIS'LL BE THE SCOOP OF THE CENTURY!



I CAN ALMOST SEE THE HEADLINE NOW! "ACE REPORTER SNAPS ANONYMOUS AVENGER!"

WOW! HISTORY IN THE MAKING!



BUT JUST AS SCOOP'S FLASH BULB FLARED... NIGHT-RAVEN HAD SWUNG ROUND TO STARE DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA!



THE SECOND GUNMAN TOOK HIS CHANCE...





SCOOP'S LACK OF DRIVING EXPERIENCE SOON BECAME APPARENT!



STOP, YOU IDIOT! WE'RE GOIN' BACKWARDS!



THE HOOD WAS RIGHT... THE POLICE WERE ON THE ALERT!



THAT'S THE ONE! IT MATCHES THE DESCRIPTION OF A CAR THAT WAS STOLEN THIS AFTERNOON...



LOOK OUT...THERE'S A CAR BEHIND US... WE'RE GONNA...

CRUNCH!



HOW D'YE LIKE THAT? THEY JUST BACK INTO A GUY, THEN TAKE IT ON THE LAM!

I ONLY HAD THE DAMN THING TWO WEEKS!

THE DRIVER LOOKED UP TO SEE A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CLIMBING INTO HIS DAMAGED CAR...

GOOD EVENING SIR...PHANTOM AUTO REPAIRS AT YOUR SERVICE... WE'RE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOUR STANDBY!



YOUR CAR IS IN GOOD HANDS...WE'LL BE IN TOUCH!

NOW JUST WHAT THE HECK IS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE?



SCOOP FINALLY FOUND THE RIGHT GEAR...MORE BY LUCK THAN JUDGEMENT...

NOW LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

HEY! COME BACK!

BOOM!



UH...HOLD ON A MINUTE, BUDDY...



ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY OUT OF TOWN, SCOOP WAS GUNNING IT AS HARD AS HE DARED...HE COULD STILL FEEL THE COLD TOUCH OF A GUN-BARREL AT HIS HEAD...AND SOMEHOW THE FEELING CLEARED HIS MIND...

KEEP YOUR FOOT DOWN TO THE FLOOR, NEWSBOY... EVERY COP IN TOWN WILL BE WATCHING OUT FOR US BY NOW...

WHICH IS JUST WHY WE'RE LEAVIN' TOWN!

SCOOP WAS DIMLY AWARE OF A WAILING SIREN...THEN THE MOTORCYCLE COP DREW LEVEL WITH THE SPEEDING CAR...



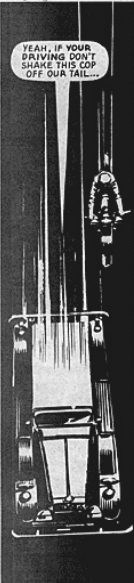
I KNOW THAT FACE FROM SOMEWHERE!

OKAY, MAC... WHERE'S THE FIRE? PULL OVER!

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN OFFICER!



KEEP YOUR FOOT DOWN TO THE FLOOR, NEWSBOY... GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!



YEAH, IF YOUR
DRIVING DON'T
SHAKE THIS COP
OFF OUR TAIL...



...MAYBE
THIS WILL!

BLAM!



AAAAGH!



SCOOP SAW THE WHOLE
THING IN HIS DRIVING
MIRROR... THE COP FELL
AND LAY STILL...

OH, LORD... IF THAT COP'S
DEAD, I'M AN ACCOMPLICE
TO MURDER... AS WELL AS
A ROBBERY!

EITHER WAY
SCOOP... LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE A
GONER!



SCOOP DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT IT WASN'T
ONLY THE POLICE WHO WERE ON TO HIM...

THESE ARE
DESPERATE MEN
... I'LL HAVE TO
DO SOMETHING
TO STOP THEM
... AND FAST!

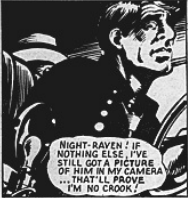


KABLAM!

FIRST, A WARNING SHOT
ACROSS THE BOWS!



I DON'T BELIEVE
IT! WE'RE BEING
FOLLOWED BY NIGHT-
RAVEN! HE JUST
PUT A HOLE IN OUR
WINDOW!



NIGHT-RAVEN! IF
NOTHING ELSE, I'VE
STILL GOT A PICTURE
OF HIM IN MY CAMERA
... THAT'LL PROVE
I'M NO CROOK!



THAT MASKED CREEP
JUST DOESN'T GIVE UP!
I'LL SHOW HIM HE AIN'T
FOOLIN' AROUND WITH
PUNKS!

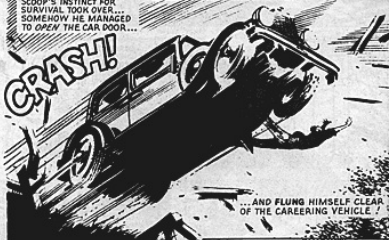
BLAM!

A BULLET FOUND NIGHT-
RAVEN'S FRONT TYRE
...AND...



SCOOP'S INSTINCT FOR
SURVIVAL TOOK OVER...
SOMEHOW HE MANAGED
TO OPEN THE CAR DOOR...

CRASH!



...AND FLUNG HIMSELF CLEAR
OF THE CAREERING VEHICLE!

SCOOP STAGGERED OVER TO THE
CRASHED CAR...IT HAD FINALLY
COME TO REST AGAINST A LARGE,
IMMOVABLE TREE...



HOLY SMOKE...WHAT A SCENE OF DISASTER!
HOPE MY CAMERA'S OKAY, BUT WHAT'S
THAT F I DIDN'T SEE THAT BLACK BAG
BEFORE...MAYBE IT WAS STASHED UNDER
THE CAR SEAT!



SCREECH!

THAT SHOULD SLOW
'IM DOWN! NOW LET'S
MOVE IT OUTTA HERE!

SCOOP WAS A LOUSY DRIVER AT THE
BEST OF TIMES...BUT WHEN BULLETS
WERE BUZZING AROUND LIKE HORNETS
EVEN HIS MEAGRE ABILITY WENT OUT
THE WINDOW!

TURN THE
WHEEL, YOU
IDIOT! FOLLOW
THE ROAD!



IT'S NO GOOD!
I'M NOT GONNA
MAKE IT!

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE,
SCOOP FELL ON STONY GROUND...



GROAN...
I THINK I'VE
BROKEN EVERY
...BONE IN MY
BODY...

LOAD...THERE'S MORE HERE THAN I
COULD EARN IN A YEAR! THE THINGS
I COULD BUY WITH IT!



ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS TAKE
IT! THERE'D
BE NO WIT-
NESSES...IT'S
MINE FOR THE
ASKING!

I'VE GOTTA FIND
A PLACE TO HIDE!
I NEED TIME TO
THINK THIS OVER!

THAT OLD BARN UP
AHEAD...THAT'D BE
THE PERFECT
PLACE!





DAMMIT!
THE PLACE IS
LOCKED
UP!

STRANGE...
I DIDN'T THINK
ANY DOOR WOULD
BE CLOSED TO THE
FAMOUS SCOOP
DALY!



SCOOP SPUN
ROUND AT THE
SOUND OF THE
VOICE... AND
SAW SOMETHING
THAT TURNED HIS
BLOOD TO ICE!

You?



LEAVE ME ALONE!
YOU MUST BELIEVE
ME... I'M NOT THE
ONE YOU WANT!

LEAVE ME
ALONE... IT
WASN'T
ME!



AAAAAAGH!

YOU WANTED
A PICTURE OF
NIGHT-RAVEN...
NOW YOU'VE
GOT ONE, FIRST
HAND!

DARKNESS DREW A BLANKET OVER
SCOOP'S MIND AS HE FELL INTO A
FAINT...

TO AWAKEN HOURS LATER AS THE
GREY LIGHT OF DAWN WAS
BREAKING...

OH!
WHERE
AM I?



I REMEMBER NOW!
I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!
BUT THERE'S NO MARK ON
MY FOREHEAD... NO SIGN
OF THE RAVEN!



BUT SCOOP WAS WRONG... NIGHT-RAVEN HAD LEFT
HIS UNMISTAKABLE SIGN... THREE TIMES IN FACT
... ONLY SCOOP HAD BEEN THE LUCKY ONE...

WHERE BROODING
DARKNESS SPREADS ITS EWIL
WINGS, THE NIGHT RAVEN
STINGS!

THE DOOR! HE BURNED HIS
MARK ON THE
DOOR! HE MUST'VE
KNOWN I WAS
INNOCENT...
WELL...
... ALMOST!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE FIRST
COPIES OF THE MORNING
EDITION OF THE SENTINEL
ROLLED OFF THE PRESSES...

GREAT STORY, SCOOP...
SHOULD SELL A MILLION!
ONLY ONE SNAG... YOU
DIDN'T FIND OUT WHO
NIGHT-RAVEN IS!

The Sentinel
I WAS
NEAR-
VICTIM
OF NIGHT-
RAVEN!!
SCOOP DALY



DON'T WORRY, CHIEF...
SOME DAY I'LL FIND OUT!
SOME DAY I'LL KNOW
FOR SURE...

AND MAYBE SOME
DAY I'LL EVEN GET
TO THANK HIM!

...Night-time In The City!

Captain Britain Communications

Our Address:

23 Redan Place, Bayswater, London W2 4SA, England.

As this is our last letters page ('sniff') we thought it was high time for maximum comment from you, and minimum interruption from us. Before that, though, we'd just like to thank all the readers who've written in over the months to share their views on CB, with us... we've certainly had fun reading your letters, and answering those that saw print here. We hope you also enjoyed *Captain Britain Communications* in its all too brief lifespan. Okay, lights, action, roll the letters...

Dear CB Communications,

Well, you've been going strong for eleven issues now, and I've decided to break silence with a review of Cap's adventures so far: MYTH, MEMORY AND LEGEND: A good introduction to Cap as a character, as it also delves into the past of his family and hints at Dai Thomas' hatred of heroes. Altogether better than the intro seen in *Daredevil* 1.

LAW AND DISORDER: An excellent story that starts off a great many sub-plots. Good to see Slaymaster back to please Cap. FLOTSAM AND JETSAM: The Vixen proves herself to be a ruthless woman and one who has her every whim indulged. Surprising twist on Cap's costume, and a lovely cliffhanger ending.

SID'S STORY: Alan Davis and Mike Collins outdid themselves here, portraying Sidney Crumb as a victim all his life. A sad, though inevitable, end.

DOUBLE GAME: Brilliant turnabout at the conclusion after such a great battle. It shows what happens when heroes get over-confident.

A LONG WAY FROM HOME: Gatecrasher and her Tethers are great characters and I think that they should appear in their own stories. Betsy shows that her power is indeed awesome.

THINGS FALL APART: I'd seen Mastermind before in *Daredevil* 2 and gathered that he'd appeared before that as well. I don't trust him an inch and think that somehow he's plotting Cap's death. Nice bit about Brian and Betsy's origins.

CHILDHOOD'S END: Once more the artwork of Alan Davis amazed me, and I must admit Meggan looks pretty fanciable now. A beautifully rendered cover.

WINDS OF CHANGE: The Cherubim appear to have all the makings of a UK X-Men and look very promising. The two RCK agents view everything with a cool humour and even in a crisis plan things that could mean trouble for CB. Meggan's power seems phenomenal.

AFRICAN NIGHTMARE: Dr. Crocodile seems to be just another in a long line of Dr. villains, but nevertheless an excellent story. Sad to see Jamie will die.

THE HOUSE OF BABY YAGA: Curious episode which once again displayed Meggan's power.

Is she responsible for their end of story surroundings, or is this Gatecrasher's doing? All in all, Alan Davis and Jamie Delano have done us proud!

Kieron Mullens.



Dear Ian,

First off, I'd just like to say how much I enjoyed *Alarms and Excursions* in issue 12. It was nice to see the Special Executive again, even if it was only for a few brief panels. I hope we shall be seeing them on a more regular basis - perhaps in their own strip? For me, the best part of the whole episode was page 13, panels 4, 5, 6 & 7. They said it all really. In the American comics all heroes are brave, fearless, upright and proud, but here we have a man, hounded out of his own home, ridiculed and abducted. That's what makes your strip different from all the others - realism. Thank you.

Nice to see the 'classic' *Black Knight* strip seeing print once more, but with about 50 episodes, isn't it going to take a long time to finish? The *Night Raven* text story had an interesting ending, classically and classily written. I for one would like to see more of it. Mike Collins' *Cherubim* strip has been amusing and I'll be interested to see where it goes from here. Mike's style is very similar to Alan Davis'. By the way, I reckon Mike's a very underrated writer - how about having him write a conclusion to that UK Spider-Man strip last year?

Brian Lewis, Swindon.

Dear Ian,

Captain Britain 12 - Doubleplusgood! *Alarms and Excursions* was an incredible story, laced with laffs, eg: "On your knees, Inkle dogs!" Chuckle, chuckle. This sort of light-hearted story makes a nice change after the dour atmosphere of previous CapBrits. Jamie Delano gets better and better.

Black Knight - nice, trendy logo but not a lot else I'm afraid. Cornwall isn't all witches and Du Maurieresque ('choke') mysterious strangers. Mind you, I wish it was... have you seen Newquay recently? *Night Raven* - You'll never take me alive, copper!! AWFUL! Funny, but AWFUL! Mr. Big! Yuh, Yuh, Yuh! Steve Parkhouse - thankfully - has gone on to far better things. The *Night Raven* text story is far, far better. Ivan Allen's illustrations are beautifully moody. J.D. comments, as above. *Playgrounds and Parasites* is simply the best back-up story CB has had. Ralph, Crawley.

Dear Editor,

I truly enjoyed *African Nightmare* in issue 10. At first it looked like Doctor Crocodile was going to be one of those Idi Amin type African despots. A valid sort of villain to be sure, but sometimes a bit over used and rather too smugly presented. But turnabout is fair play, and you certainly pulled a nice switch here. Not only did Doc Croc have honourable intentions in this incident, but he also believed that Captain Britain was not to blame for his brother's actions, and that he had been set up by the RCK. In addition, Jamie turning out to be a very slimy character was a shocking revelation. Cap's reaction to this was very much true to form. In keeping with his respect for justice, Cap immediately condemned his brother - not letting their blood relationship colour his feelings. In fact, that relationship may have intensified Cap's negative reaction.

I was sorry to see the end of *Space Thieves*. While it tailed off a bit from the welcome lunacy of the first couple of instalments, it was still a refreshingly nutty look at the world of swashbuckling science fiction.

T. M. Maple,

Weston, Ontario.

Dear Marvel UK,

I watched the Captain being born from *A Rag, A Bone, A Hank Of Hair*, and since then have followed him through trial and tribulation (33 issues and high-on three years), and excellent though it has remained, I face the same old problem - a month between each issue.

Having just finished reading the 33rd issue, I am faced again with many unanswered questions: Who altered Captain Britain's costume to fit Betsy? Where did Linda get the new helmet? Who is the villain reappearing next issue? What will *Night Raven* do in Mexico? Who will clean up after him? What will happen to Burt and Ernie now that Lump's relaxed? Will they revert to toys, or will they terrorise London as the phantom ankle biters? Who is Unde Lex? When will *Space Thieves* and *Abslom Daak* reappear? When will I stop rambling? What the men in the white coats come round and give me one of those jackets that make you hug yourself? Will you print my letter? Will I get my answers?

I expect I'll just have to wait and see (oh, the agony of it). By the way, if Fascination is no more than a domestic pet, is she house-trained? And a 20 is she for sale, and how much does she cost? Captain Jaspers, Tyne & Wear.



The Cherubim

THE KIDS WERE BRAWLING.

FANTASTIC CHILDREN WITH HORRIFIC POWERS.

YOU AIN'T DOING US IN!

play grounds

AND PARASITES!

PART 4

I AM LEX CHRISTIAN. I CARE FOR THE CHILDREN. KEEP THEM FED WHEN OTHERS SPURN THEM. TOGETHER WE ARE THE PARASITES, THE OUTSIDERS.

BUT IF THEY SPURN ME... WON'T PLAY MY GAME...

THEIR LIVES AREN'T WORTH LIVING.

WHEN OTHER KIDS FIGHT, THEY CUT KNEES, SHED BRIEF TEARS...

THESE CAN LEVEL CITIES.

SCRIPT / PENCILS INKS
MIKE COLLINS MARK FARMER
CO-PLOTTERS

LETTERS STARKINGS
EDITOR IAN RIMMER





SPAGM'S ELECTRICAL POWER IS MATCHED AGAINST QULL'S RAZOR TALONS.



HAL'S POTENT BREATH HOLDS BACK ACID'S SHOCKING TOUCH.



FERN, THE CHERUBIM'S REAL LEADER, USES HER WILDLINMAN BODY TO TRAP NETTLE - BUT FALLS VICTIM TO THE PARASITE'S PARALYSING SPIKES...



YET ALL THIS IS AS NOTHING.

IF THE CHERUBIM WIN, IF THE PARASITES DIE...

IT WON'T MATTER.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF WARPIES.



BEFORE LONG, THEY'LL ALL COME TO ME.

TO US.

TO SIREN.



SIREN, THE IMMORTAL CHILD WITH EYES THAT NEVER OPEN.

CRYING FOR ATTENTION... TO BE CARED FOR. A CRY THAT'S NEVER HEARD.

EXCEPT BY US, THE CHILDREN OF THE WARP.



SIREN CALLED ME TO LONDON. CALLED THE CHERUBIM HERE.

OTHERS WILL FOLLOW. THE BEASTS, THE DESPISED.

THE GNISTER.

TO SIREN.

TO ME.





MUST BE
HORRIFIC
INDEED.

GIGGLES!
WHERE'S
GIGGLE'S? HE'S
THE ONLY ONE
WHO CAN
STOP IT!

OOOOH!
HEHEHEH!

I'D UNDER-
ESTIMATED.

WHATEVER THERE
IS IN NEARBY
DIMENSIONS HAS
INJURED HIM TOO
MUCH...

HEHEH!

... FAR
TOO MUCH.



GIGGLES!
WARPSPACE!
MAKE WARPSPACE!
SEND IT HOME!



TOO
LATE!



WAIT...



HE
DID IT!



YOU'RE
BACK!



OBVIOUSLY, I'D
BE PRETTY STUPID
TO TRY TO STOP
YOU NOW - STILL
WANT TO LEAVE?

PRETTY
IMPRESSIVE,
CHERUBS.

WE CANNOT
STAY - WE'RE
NOT LIKE YOU.

THE PARASITES
STAYED. THEY KNEW
THAT THEY WERE
ONLY SAFE WITH ME.

ONLY SAFE
PLAYING MY
GAMES.

YOU'RE
GOING TO MISS
ALL THE FUN, YOU
KNOW! THESE
ARE GOING TO GET
INTERESTING FOR
THOSE LIKE US.
VERY SOON!

THE CHERUBIM
STARTED WALKING.

AND DIDN'T
LOOK BACK.



EXCEPT
ONE...



IT'S A
BEGINNING.

Captain BRITAIN

...NEVER
THE END!



As all long-time *Captain Britain* fans will know, this is not the first time the good Captain has come to the end of his tenure on a particular title. Yet somehow, against all adversity, he has managed to bounce back. Where titles have ceased to be, *Captain Britain* has marched on, always – it seems – one step ahead of closures. Back in 1977, when the original *Captain Britain* comic came to a close, he hardly caught breath before moving into *Super-Spider-Man*. And he's not above co-starring... his next tenancy saw him strip-sharing with the Black Knight in *Hulk Weekly*. For the next two years, the good Captain raced to keep ahead of such titles as *Marvel Super Heroes*, *Daredevils* and *Mighty World Of Marvel*. All fell prey to that most dreaded of adversaries – closure. The arrival of *Captain Britain Monthly* evidently lulled C.B. into a false sense of security... It certainly did us – because, on this occasion, with the sad demise of this title, he's not bounding straight back into print. For the first time since October 13th, 1976, there will not be a comic magazine featuring *Captain Britain* on sale in the UK. So, is this at last the end for *Captain Britain*? Never! Read on.

CAPTAIN... U.S.A?

Paying a visit to these shores – and these offices, for that matter – in October was Jim Shooter, Editor-In-Chief of Marvel in America. Part of the reason for the visit was to discuss the future of *Captain Britain* as a more integral part of the Marvel Universe, and the re-emergence of the *Captain Britain* title as a regular, full-colour American monthly. There are no firm plans as yet, but both sides expressed a great deal of excitement about the project. Chris Claremont (*X-Men* writer and *Captain Britain* fan) is already planning to feature the Captain in next year's *X-Men Annual*. We'll keep you posted (in other Marvel titles) about this great new future for *Captain Britain*. Like we said... 'Never The End.'

AND IT'S GOODBYE FROM US...

Well, we hope you've enjoyed the past fourteen issues of *Captain Britain*. We've certainly derived a great deal of pleasure and personal satisfaction from bringing you the title. We – the editorial team – are off to pastures new within the Marvel field, and so it's goodbye, good luck and thank you for reading *Captain Britain* from: Ian Rimmer (Editor); Simon Furman (Assistant Editor); John Tomlinson (Designer); and Richard Starkings (Art Asst.). Keep well, folks.

PSST...

HEARD THE NEWS?



4



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